

# THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. II.

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No. 10.

## THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
By the dusty road-side,  
On the sunny hill-side,  
Close by the noisy brook,  
In every shady nook,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;  
All round the open door,  
Where sit the aged poor,  
Here where the children play,  
In the bright and merry May,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
In the noisy city street,  
My pleasant face you'll meet,  
Cheering the sick at heart,  
Toiling his busy part,  
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
You cannot see me coming,  
Nor hear my low sweet humming;  
For in the starry night,  
And the glad morning light,  
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
More welcome than the flowers,  
In summer's pleasant hours;  
The gentle cow is glad,  
And the merry bird's not sad  
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
When you're numbered with the dead,  
In your still and narrow bed,  
In the happy spring I'll come,  
And deck your silent home,  
Creeping; silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
My humble song of praise  
Most gratefully I raise  
To Him at whose command  
I beautify the land,  
Creeping; silently creeping everywhere.

—SARAH ROBERTS.

## JIMMY WHITE'S DUMB FRIEND.

[From the Portland Transcript.]

It was a beautiful morning in the mid-winter, biting cold, with a fresh wind blowing that had swept the sky clear. In the whole pure, cold dome there was not a cloud. But the sun was coming up soon, and on the top of the highest and coldest hill surrounding the valley a ragged boy stopped to watch it rise. A boy and a dog; for the dog stopped as well as the boy, and, for all an ordinary observer might have noticed, watched as intently.

The dog was not a noble Newfoundland; he was not a shepherd's dog, nor yet a dog of St. Bernard. Perhaps it would be difficult to give his specific rank. I think most people of his acquaintance would have pronounced him a "yaller dog," although it would have grieved Jimmy White to the heart to have heard his beloved Trip thus classed. But it must be confessed that there was nothing in poor Trip's name, appearance, or pedigree to indicate nobility.

The boy carried in one hand a bucket and in the other a jug, and he was going to the village, a mile distant, for meal and molasses; but he placed the bucket and the jug on the snow, and warmed his cold hands with his breath, and watched for the sun to rise. There were no clouds to catch the coming glory, but the eastern sky was a pure, intense gold, glowing and deepening slowly every moment, and the leafless trees on the opposite hills stood minutely defined, every branch and bare spray, against it. The round, blue shoulders of the distant hills caught the radiance and shone like silver, and the morning train sweeping through the valley at his feet, left a long, graceful plume behind, which changed, as it rose, from purple to pink and gold.

The boy's heart glowed within him, and he could not understand why his eyes should fill and his breath should come so quick at the sight; but presently such a splendor filled the sky that he could no longer look out eastward, and turning to resume his walk he saw that the windows of the great Hapworth house were all aglow, and at the same moment a white hand parted a curtain in an upper room, and a proud, beautiful woman's face looked out over the valley and the sun-lit hills.

"That is Grace Hapworth," he thought to himself. "I heard 'em say Judge Hapworth is comin' home to-night by the evening train, and Grace's lover and lots of friends is comin' with him;" and gazing upward in mute admiration he met the glance of the proud eyes, which softened immediately into a look of tender pity, that rankled in his soul as he trudged on.

To the boy, the great house, with its forest of fir to the north, its solid, lofty walls, and crimson-draped windows, its broad walks and stately surroundings, was an enchanted palace, whose threshold he might never cross, but which he never tired of admiring at a distance. On bitter winter nights he had seen its brilliant lights and glowing fires, and had caught glimpses of forms of grace and beauty, and in his imagination he invested the inmates with all good and beautiful gifts, and clothed them in fairer garments than they had ever worn, and dreamed and speculated about them by night and day.

Lonely little Jimmy White! ragged and penniless, you cherish a sweet guest in your heart, who turns the commonest thing of earth into a means of enjoyment, and you are happier far than many a clod with well-filled stomach and warmly-clad limbs. Don't mistake me, gentle reader; Jimmy did not grow grandly into an artist, architect, author, or sculptor. He was not a *genius*, for we all believe, in spite of many story writers, that there are people born with rich fancy, deep and delicate appreciation, and natural love of beauty, who never form even a snow statue, attempt a picture, string a doggerel, or design a church.

"I can't bear to have anybody pity me," said Jimmy to himself, plodding on through the snow, with his jug and bucket, while Trip capered before. "I'd rather be booted any time. But how pretty Grace Hapworth is! She looked like a picture in a frame there in the window." And all day the vision was before him.

"Come, Jimmy," said lame shoemaker White, to whom Jimmy was "bound out," and whose name he had adopted.

"I have finished old Mrs. Ricker's shoes, and I promised she should hev' 'um to-night. She comes two miles to the village and then a mile out here for her shoes, cos nobody can make 'em but me. The old lady is mighty perticler, and I don't care to disappoint her, nuther, for she's a good customer.

You can run out there and back, now, afore eight o'clock this evenin', can't ye?"

"Yes, indeed," said Jimmy, cheerfully.

"Yer a good boy, Jim," said the man kindly, placing his hand on the boy's head; "if it warn't for *ber* tongue, you and I could take comfort together, couldn't we, now? I heerd the men down to the village talkin' about ye tother day, 'n they said 'twas a pity that you hadn't a better place 'n this is, for you disarved to hev a chance gin ye to make sumthin'. They didn't think, ye see, that I was hearin' on't, or that I was the same opinion myself, Jimmy."

"You have always been kind to me, mister White," said the boy, simply.

"Yes, yes, Jimmy, 'cept for givin' on ye long tramps like this ere to-night, but you alrus seemed to like that sort, an's the wind's gone down, I thought mebbe ye'd rather do it than to work all the evenin', as you know *she's* alrus smellin' round to see ef yer kept busy. Ye may hev my knit muffler there, an' wind yer ears up well, fur the air's sharp. I'm thinkin' yer darned little legs 'll ache 'for ye git back, Jim," he added, standing in the door and watching the boy and his dog depart. Jimmy did not reply, but walked on rapidly, now and then caressing the dog's head as he leaped by his side, and when he was out of sight the shoemaker hobbled into the house and resumed his work.

"Jimmy don't say much," he soliloquized, as he pegged away, "but there's more to that boy than I can understand; that's so, and ef I warn't so all-fired poor, an' hed my own way in all things, (here he glanced furtively at the door,) *I'd give Jimmy a chance.*"

Having delivered himself of this threat under his breath, and emphasized it with a rap of more than ordinary vehemence, he relapsed into silence, and Jimmy and Trip went on, and on, and on. Over the high hill, past the fir forest and the Hapworth house, gleaming with brilliant lights; down again by the hollow and the bridge and the mill, through the village, and out upon the lonely, unfrequented road, running parallel with the railroad beyond. Two miles yet to travel with only the still stars twinkling down upon them, and the tall, dark trees on either side for company. Trip trotted close by his master's side, joyful to feel the light touch of the small hand on his head occasionally, and wagging his tail and half of his body deliriously at every low-spoken word of endearment. All at once a brilliant meteor trailed across the heavens, and the boy stopped to gaze at the beautiful object. Finding the tall trees by the roadside obstructing his view he sprang through the woods a few feet into a small opening, and watched it disappear in the sky. Standing there with Trip crouched at his feet, he heard voices close beside him, and waiting motionless in the dark shade of the cedars, he listened to an awful revelation.

"He sentenced me to ten years hard labor in prison," he heard, "but I've broke jail, and to-night I leave the country, but I *pay him off first*, you understand; I *pay him off first*. He comes down to-night by the ten o'clock train with his daughter's sweetheart, and some other quality. Well, take heed. I'll throw 'em off Haley's bridge, every mother's son and daughter of 'em, as soon as I'd wring his cussed neck if I could get a clutch at it."

This is what Jimmy White heard, except that every sentence was broken by oaths too horrid to record, and then a low laugh answered the first voice, and still talking together two men came out of the shadow and confronted the boy.

"Hi! what's this? You little devil, you, have you been listenin' here!" exclaimed the first speaker, in a startled voice, seizing him by the collar and swinging him out into the starlight.

Jimmy did not speak or move.

"Say! youngster," demanded the villain giving him a shake, "is there anybody else around?"

Not a word from the boy.

"Give me them shoes and tell your story, or I'll kill ye right here. Let it out now, or die."

Still the boy did not speak or flinch.

By this time his companion, less infuriated, had satisfied himself that there was no one else by, and had conjectured rightly, by the shoes and the dog, that the boy had been sent on some errand alone.

"Stop! stop! be cautious here, Jerry," said he, coming up and addressing his companion. "It's all right. Now, boy, we want to use ye right. Swear here by the stars that ye'll foller us, and never know nothin' about what happens to-night, and we'll give you a thousan' dollars here, and take ye along with us and put ye in a way to earn a fortin'. I am in a payin' business an' I need jest sich a boy as you be, and I kin make a gentleman of ye, sonny."

Here he placed his hand on the boy's head, as the lame shoemaker had done so short a time before, and for the first time the boy shrank, recoiling from his touch.

"Refuse," added the man, lowering his voice, and pushing his face close down to his, "refuse, and we'll kill ye, and bury ye here so deep that yer dog couldn't scent ye out. Which 'll ye do?"

"How *can* I save their lives? *what can* I do to prevent this?" were the questions that were bursting his heart and brain. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had not spoken in their hearing, although he had been roughly handled, and threatened fearfully. If he could only achieve by strategy what he must do, or go mad. Holding up his hands in the dim starlight he made signs of the mute alphabet, and signified, by pointing to his dog and pulling at the shoes, that he was a shoemaker's boy, and must go on with the shoes, and that he had run through the brush to see the meteor, which, as it chanced, they had both seen.

"Ha!" exclaimed his interrogator, "the brat is deaf and dumb; that language he speaks has done me good services afore this. I thought if he was common flesh and blood he'd squawked afore this."

"I ain't exactly going to risk him, though," rejoined his companion; "he may be playin' possum if he's cute enough. *Look here, youngster,*" added he, giving him a jerk that nearly dislocated his neck, "my time's too precious to fool away with you; I'm goin' to *kill ye* for safe, deaf or not," and seizing a club, he swung it above the child's head. Not articulating a word, Jimmy fell on his knees, imitating the sound he had heard a mute make when excessively frightened; a sound resembling more some animal's moan than the human voice, and lifting his hands above his head, he gesticulated frantically.

"Poh!" grunted the other, "the's as deaf as a stone; the's no actin' about that, Jerry."

"At any rate I'll be sure, Eph," answered his companion. "If he freezes to death, *we* don't murder him;" and to Jimmy's unspeakable horror, they tied him to a tree beyond all hope of escape, and gagged him with the shoemaker's muffler. Then taking poor Trip, who had nestled close to Jimmy through it all, they dashed his head against a tree, flung his carcass into the thick woods, and went away.

Oh, the mortal terror that settled upon the child as he realized his position! It must now be after seven; in three hours the train would be due. Two hundred people, loved and loving, hopeful, joyous, and unconscious of peril, coming now, on, on, rushing through the night to certain and horrible death and suffering, and he knowing it in time to avert it, but with no power to save. No power to save! He should go mad! Must he hear them coming, hear the whistle at the crossing



nearest the bridge, hear the crash—even he might hear the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying!

Here his brain reeled, and a deathly faintness came over him; but soon the biting cold, and the awful sense of coming woe, stung him to consciousness again. With all his strength he wrenched at his fastenings, until he had no strength to try again. Again and again he essayed to scream, but he was so effectually gagged that he even breathed with difficulty. Such maddening thoughts crowded thick and fast upon him. A thousand times he went over the agony and the horror. Oh, the fiendish cruelty there was in the world! But they might relent. They must, when they came to see the awful magnitude of their crime. Or they might be discovered; God grant it! They *must* be; something *must* and would happen to prevent. But no; they were too crafty, too wicked. Hope sank again; and so, alternating between hope and despair and the keenest suffering, the time dragged on. So near and vivid was the dreadful calamity, that he never gave a thought to his own slow and certain death.

[To be continued.]

#### A GERMAN SCHOOL FOR DEAF-MUTES.

BAYARD TAYLOR, in a book of travels in Europe, called "Views Afoot," gives the following account of a visit he made to the Institution at Heidelberg. His visit was made in the year 1848:

\* \* \* "On our return we visited the Institution for the Deaf; for, by the new method of teaching, they are no longer dumb. It is a handsome building in the gardens skirting the city. We applied, and, on learning that we were strangers, they gave us permission to enter. The instructress took us into a room where about fifteen small children were assembled, and addressing one of the girls, said in a distinct tone, 'These gentlemen are from America; the deaf children there speak with their fingers; can'st thou speak so?' To which the child answered distinctly, but with some effort, 'No; we speak with our mouths.' She then spoke to several others with the same success. One of the boys, in particular, articulated with astonishing fluency. It was interesting to watch their countenances, which were alive with eager attention, and to see the apparent efforts which they made to utter the words. They spoke in a monotonous tone, slowly and deliberately, but their voices had a strange, sepulchral sound, which was at first unpleasant to the ear. I put one or two questions to a little boy, which he answered quite readily. As I was a foreigner, this was the best test that could be given of the success of the method.

"We conversed afterwards with the director, who received us kindly, and appointed a day for us to come and see the system more fully. He spoke of Dr. Howe and Horace Mann, of Boston, and seemed to take a great interest in the introduction of this system into America.

"We went again at the appointed time, and as their drawing teacher was there we had an opportunity of looking over their sketches, which were excellent. The director showed us the manner of teaching them by means of a looking-glass, in which they were shown the different positions of the organs of the mouth, and afterwards made to feel the vibrations of the throat and breast produced by the sound. He took one of the youngest scholars, covered her eyes, and placing her hand upon his throat, articulated the second sound of A. She followed him, making the sound softer or louder as he did. All the consonants were recognized and repeated distinctly, by placing her hand before his mouth. Their exercises in reading, speaking with one another, and writing from dictation, succeeded perfectly. He treated them as if they were his own children, and sought, by

jesting and playing, to make the exercise appear like sport. They call him father, and appear to be much attached to him.

"One of the pupils, about fourteen years old, interested me through his history. He and his sister were found in Sachsenhausen, by a Frankfort merchant, in a horrible condition. Their mother had died about two years and a half before, and during all that time their father had neglected them, until they were near dead through privation and filth. The boy was placed in this Institute, and the girl in that of the orphans. He soon began to show a talent for modelling figures, and for some time he has been studying under the sculptor Launitz. I saw a beautiful copy of a bas-relief by Thorwaldsen which he made, as well as an original, very interesting from its illustration of his own history. It was in two parts: the first represented himself and his sister, kneeling in misery before a ruined family altar by which an angel was standing, who took him by one hand and pointed to his benefactor standing near; the other represented the two kneeling in gratitude before a restored altar, on which was the anchor of hope; from above streamed down a light, where two angels were rejoicing over their happiness. For a boy of fourteen, deprived of one of the most valuable senses, and taken from such a horrible condition of life, it is a surprising work, and gives brilliant hopes for his future."

SILENT MEN.—Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up, confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States the labor was almost wholly performed in committee of the whole, of which George Washington was day after day the chairman, and he made but two speeches during the convention, of a very few words each, something like one of Grant's speeches. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that had it not been for his personal popularity and the thirty words of his first speech, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said that his greatest difficulty was in finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said by reserve. The greatness of a man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A DEAF-MUTE is running for the office of recorder in Jackson county, Indiana.

THE superintendent of a Pittsburg Sunday-school once offered a prize of a beautiful book to whoever would bring to the school a person who had no knowledge of God. A little German boy won the prize by bringing an uneducated deaf-mute lad.

THOS. M'CREERY, of Union, West Virginia, publisher of *The Monroe County Register*, is shortly to begin the publication of an agricultural paper, to be called *The West Virginia Farm Journal*. Mr. M'Creery is a deaf-mute, and a graduate of the Staunton Institution.

THE Paris papers tell us that a deaf and dumb young lady, educated according to the system of M. Grosselin, has recently passed an examination at the Hotel-de-Ville, which obtained for her the position of directress of the institution, and that in the course of the examination she was called upon to read aloud, which she did in a manner that not only astonished all present, but even excited their admiration by the felicity of her intonation.

# THE SILENT WORLD.

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WASHINGTON, MAY 15, 1872.

## OTHER REPORTS.

THE First Report of the Ontario (Canada) Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has been received, and we notice by it that the Institution is growing rapidly—having now under instruction 110 pupils. Mr. Langmuir, the Inspector, thinks there are 250 deaf-mutes in the Province of Ontario who ought to be under instruction. He, as well as Mr. Palmer, complains of the reluctance of some parents to part with their children for a sufficient length of time to have them educated, and urges that compulsory measures be resorted to and a law passed to make all parents of deaf and dumb children place them at school. It is proposed to begin a class in articulation, in the fall, but Mr. Palmer is decided in his adhesion to the American system of instruction by signs, and he intends to give articulation but two hours of the day when it is introduced. The teachers are required to assemble weekly for practice in the sign-language, and for the consideration of such matters as pertain to the proper discharge of their duties. This is a very commendable feature indeed, and tends to create unity and uniformity in the system of instruction. The principal urges the erection of a gymnasium and play-house for the use of the pupils.

THE Nova Scotia Institution also complains of the reluctance of parents to send children to school, and the report says there are at least 150 persons in the four provinces which the Institution represents who ought to be at school, while there are now only 54. New Foundland, with its one hundred deaf-mutes, has not sent one to be educated. As an evidence of the care of a kind Providence, the directors state that, although often at the end of each month there has been nothing in hand to pay the bills, the means have unexpectedly come in at the right time. Mr. Hutton calls the attention of the government to the fact that better buildings are needed, and points to the example of the United States and of Ontario in erecting commodious and substantial buildings, and hopes that the four provinces will do as these have done.

In the Clarke Institution, at Northampton, Massachusetts, as of old, the ladies assert their pre-eminent qualifications as trainers of youth; and, consequently, we have a clean list of women's names for teachers in this Institution. Perhaps the peculiar requirements of an articulation school have a great deal to do with this. Beards and moustaches would be in the way of mouthing, and prevent very rapid comprehension on the part of the pupil. But, in truth, women are by nature fitted for the peculiar duties of these schools, and this list rather does honor to the higher and nobler qualities of woman—her enduring patience, her gentleness, her perseverance, and her humility. Looking at this list, and remembering these things, we cease to wonder at the success of this Institution. The whole endowment of this school is derived from the gifts and bequests of John Clarke, Esq., which amounted, during his lifetime, to \$30,000, and since his death to \$223,250, making an aggregate of \$273,250. It was the strong and often expressed desire of Mr. Clarke that the corporation should build a per-

manent establishment for the reception of pupils in Northampton, and, in accordance with this desire, the present estate on Round Hill was purchased and improved. Miss Rogers has been in Europe during the past year studying the method pursued there, and trying to make a comparison of results attained by her school and those of Germany. Her efforts in the latter direction have not been entirely satisfactory, on account of the difference in the methods and character of the teachers in the two countries. Our American teachers are generally more active and versatile in their mode of thought and instruction; while the German teachers are slower, more plodding and methodical, following fixed rules rather than adapting themselves to the capacity of different scholars and classes. The following is an admission which we have read with a little surprise, as it seems a retraction of much that this Institution has claimed in the past, or has been reported to claim. The italics are our own. Referring to the different methods pursued at Northampton, Boston, and Hartford, Mr. Hubbard says:

"In each of these schools a different method of instruction is pursued, and *each of these methods is better adapted to the needs of certain classes of children than the other.* \* \* \* \* Those (of whom there are many, no doubt) who are not likely to profit by instruction in articulation, or who cannot be received at Boston or Northampton for want of room, should go to Hartford. The choice of a school is left by law with the Board of Education; and it seemed proper to the corporation to propose to this Board, and to the authorities of the Hartford Asylum, a joint committee to examine applicants, and assign them to the several schools according to their fitness and the wish of their parents."

This seems a fair acknowledgment that the articulation system is by no means the system, *par excellence*, for the education of the deaf and dumb as a class, and that there are other methods at least as valuable and as effective.

## THE MANCHESTER SOCIETY.

FROM pamphlets and papers forwarded by the Rev. George A. W. Downing, chaplain of the "Manchester (England) Society for Promoting the Spiritual and Temporal Welfare of the Adult Deaf and Dumb," we glean the following particulars:

The Society was established in the year 1850, and has the following for its objects: (1.) To continue the religious and secular instruction of the adult deaf and dumb in Manchester and the neighborhood, who have been educated when young, and to provide such instruction for those who have not been previously educated; (2.) To assist in obtaining employment for the deaf and dumb, and to provide an interpreter in cases of dispute or misunderstanding between them and their employers; (3.) To visit the sick, unemployed, and others, at their homes, and to grant pecuniary relief in cases found to be really deserving. Besides these general objects, there exist a host of others, such as the administering of the rites of the church, the encouragement of a social spirit and a desire for self-improvement, and the furnishing of means for amusement and recreation, as exemplified in the lectures and tea-parties.

For the furtherance of these objects, the chaplain is required to conduct not less than two religious services in the sign language every Sabbath; to devote from 9 to 1 each week day (except Saturday) exclusively to the work of the Society, viz: Attendance at the rooms from 9 to 10, and from 10 to 1, obtaining employment for the deaf and dumb, and acting as interpreter where required; visiting the sick and distressed; distributing such pecuniary relief as may be placed at his disposal; seeking increased public support, &c.; to attend at the



reading-room on every Thursday and Saturday evenings, from 7 to 9 o'clock, for instruction, advice, and occasional lectures or reading; to be ready at all times to visit urgent cases of sickness, and in every respect to act as the pastor and adviser of the adult deaf and dumb.

The Society is supported by voluntary contributions from the public, and about \$650 are received annually. It is under the patronage of the Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Manchester, and its affairs are managed by a committee of fifteen gentlemen, of whom Robert Gladstone, Esq., is president. Among them we notice the name of Mr. A. Patterson, master of the school at Old Trafford.

There are 400 deaf-mutes in Manchester and vicinity, among whom the Society carries on its work, and the amount of good it is accomplishing may be judged from the fact that in the year 1870 the number of visits made was 650; the number of persons placed in situations, 28; the number relieved by small sums of money, 33; and 5 children were placed in the school at Old Trafford, for whose support the Society holds itself responsible. Added to this is the incalculable good arising from its Sunday services, lectures, reading-room, and lending library. The library has four hundred volumes, and is increasing. The lectures are the source of much benefit, and of the ten lecturers this spring, three are deaf and dumb. Their subjects were "Kenilworth," "The Alabama Claims," "A Corsican Story." Sometimes these meetings are enlivened by a discussion on some historical subject.

As will be seen by the annexed letter, the Society has extended its operations into the neighboring towns within the last three years, and its sphere is still gradually widening. The chaplain is assistant curate of St. Ann's church, in Manchester, and thus our English brethren partake of the communion and hold special services in a church whose name is one familiar to all American deaf-mutes, as being that of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet's church. Verily, St. Ann must be the patron saint of the deaf and dumb.

This Society is a specific for the deaf-mute beggars who abound in the United States, for its existence and objects being well known, the people can direct such mendicants to its rooms, where, if deserving, they are relieved and placed in good situations. Impostors thus find it impossible to live by preying upon the sympathies of the benevolent, and real deaf-mutes in trouble are relieved. To show that the privileges of the Society are not abused by those for whose benefit it exists, it may be well to state that during the year 1870 only about \$50 were spent in relieving the destitute, and it would not have reached this sum had there not been much sickness prevalent during that year. In fact, this Society is very worthy every way, and is meeting a want which we hope to see satisfied in this country by the "Clerc Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes."

The tea-parties, to which reference has been made, seem to bear a general resemblance to the conventions of the deaf and dumb. They meet for a social time, drink tea, and make speeches. The management of these tea-parties, however, unlike the conventions of deaf-mutes, is in the hands of hearing and speaking persons, and they are numerous attended by both the hearing and speaking, and deaf-mutes. Thus, at one held in Rochdale recently we read that there were 250 persons seated at tea, one half of whom were deaf and dumb. The evening's enjoyment was contributed to by tricks of legerdemain, a microscope, magnetic batteries, stereoscopes, and dissolving views.

We append a letter from the Rev. Mr. Downing—and we have no doubt but our readers will always be pleased to be informed of the progress of the work of the Society—and we have the promise of Mr. D. that they shall be kept apprized thereof.

ADULT DEAF AND DUMB SOCIETY, 6 JOHN DALTON STREET,  
MANCHESTER, April 18, 1872.

GENTLEMEN: I have had several of your journals sent me, the perusal of which has afforded me both pleasure and instruction.

You will, I am sure, be glad to hear of the good work we are carrying on here on behalf of the deaf and dumb, and which you will glean from the copy of the last published report that accompanies this letter.

You will perceive that we do not confine ourselves exclusively to the deaf-mutes of Manchester, but that our sphere of labor extends far outside of the Northern Metropolis. Thus, Bolton is ten miles in one direction, Oldham ten in another, Ashton seven in a third, while within the last twelve months we have established a new auxiliary in Rochdale, ten miles in another direction.

I forward the newspapers containing an account of our first tea-party.

I am happy to say that the wish expressed in the last report for the appointment of an assistant missionary has been realized, and that I have now a gentleman working with me in the person of Mr. Albert F. Woodbridge, who has had great experience in the instruction of the deaf and dumb. We may, therefore, hope that not only will the work be more effectually carried out, but that an extension of the same will, in due time, take place.

It will afford me great pleasure to send you reports and papers from time to time, and wishing you every success in your undertaking,

I remain, gentlemen, yours, truly,

GEO. A. W. DOWNING,  
Chaplain and Secretary.

To the Editors of THE SILENT WORLD.

#### OHIO DEAF-MUTE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

By an oversight we neglected to state in our last number that the "Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association" proposes to hold a convention at the Institution in Columbus, on the 28th and 29th of August next. The following is the order of exercises:

##### WEDNESDAY.

1. Meeting called to order at 10 o'clock A. M.
2. Address of the President.
3. Report of the Secretary, Treasurer, and Board of Managers.
4. Addresses by others.
5. Oration, by J. Struble, or R. P. McGregor, alternate, at two o'clock P. M.
6. Addresses by others.

##### THURSDAY.

On re-assembling at 10 o'clock A. M.—

1. Subject of the Clerc Memorial, and other subjects of interest to the Association, for consideration.
2. Election of officers.
3. Other business before final adjournment.

It is desirable to have a large attendance of the members of the Association on this occasion. A good time is anticipated. Every effort will be made by the Committee of Arrangements for the comfort and convenience of all attending. Railroad arrangements will probably be made to return free all members who have paid full fare coming. Several distinguished deaf-mutes from abroad are expected to be in attendance. Invitations have also been extended to other gentlemen, formerly officers here, now residing abroad. Thursday evening a banquet will be given. Price, \$1.00.

All communications in regard to the reunion should be addressed to the Committee of Arrangements, J. D. H. Stewart, P. M. Park, P. P. Pratt.

A DEAF-MUTE, named Daniel Perry, living in Greenbrier county, West Virginia, was shot and killed a few days ago by a youth named Charles T. Moore. The murderer surrendered himself, and claims to have acted in self-defence.

ON Wednesday, the 17th ult., Miss Carrie H. Park, of New York city, sailed for Europe in company with her friends—seven in one party—to make a summer tour over the Continent. We wish her a safe and pleasant journey.

## O! WHAT IS SOUND?

[THOUGHTS OF A DEAF AND DUMB BOY ON OBSERVING HIS SISTER PLAYING UPON THE PIANO FORTE.\*]

SISTER, I would have thee tell—  
(But, alas! I ne'er can know,)  
What doth make thy bosom swell  
And thine eye to brighten so,  
When thy nimble fingers play  
Upon that instrument so long—  
The sounds are beautiful you say,  
And Rapture is the child of Song.

But what is sound, that it can bring  
Such sweet emotion to the breast?  
Oh! sound must be a lovely thing,  
It makes thee, sister, seem so blest.  
And yet, in vain, I look for aught  
That can such thrilling joy impart;  
Is music, then, a nameless thought  
That holds communion with the heart?

Or is it real—a thing that may  
Be known to sense of sight or touch?  
Ah! whither would conjecture stray;  
'Tis vain—I only know this much—  
That it is beautiful; but where,  
On earth below or heaven above,  
Shall aught be found so pure and fair,  
That may the soul so strongly move?

I've seen the broad and fiery sun  
Arising from the deep green sea,  
And again, when day was done,  
Streaking heaven's far canopy  
With a glorious crimson fringe,  
As gorgeously he sunk to rest,  
Purpling ocean with the tinge  
Of his brilliant fading crest.

And then delighted I have gazed  
As on a vision'd scene of bliss,  
And all my thoughts were heavenward raised;  
Is music, sister, aught like this?  
And oh, the beauteous star-lit sky,  
Sparkling rich in blue and bright—  
Is surely full of harmony;  
Is sound as lovely as its light?

And when the pale moon's silver beams  
Upon the stream and streamlet play,  
Surpassing beautiful it seems;  
Is this like music, sister, say?  
Alas! alas! it cannot be.  
Methinks that look of rapture now—  
That passion-gaze of ecstasy—  
That sky-ward lifted brow

Defies my vain conjectures all;  
To me that fount of joy is sealed,  
Its influence ne'er on me can fall  
Nor e'en to fancy be revealed.  
Yet shall I not unpleased behold  
The pleasure 'tis not mine to know;  
My sister's joy can ne'er unfold  
To this fond heart a source of woe.

\*These lines are taken from a small volume, the "Forget-me-Not," a collection of short poems, published by Richard Griffin & Co., Glasgow. The author's name is not given.

W. L. B.

THIS effort was found in a young lady's album, over the signature of the late Sir John Burgoyne:

You wish me a happy New Year as a toast,  
And a kindly, good act it appears;  
But when you perceive I'm as deaf as a post,  
You should wish me—two happy new ears.

## COLLEGE RECORD.

THE thermometer is at 91 degrees and the College pump is sick. Alack-a-day!

OUR nine plays the Jefferson Club to-day. It has challenged all the clubs in the city, with the exception of the Olympic and National.

THE ball club turned out in force recently, and worked two afternoons in improving the grounds. Absentees were fined fifty cents. More remains to be done.

SEVEN of the Kendall first-nine and two subs played against a picked seven and their own pitcher and catcher last week, and were beaten by a score of 13 to 3.

BARNUM'S SHOW has been in town lately. All of the Primary department attended in a body, and nearly all of the students went at different times. All paid their way.

MR. PETE BAUMGRASS, our instructor in art, has left on a sketching tour to South America and California. He means to transfer to his easel some of the beauties of the Andes and the Yosemite. He will be gone all the summer and autumn.

THE President spent a week in Boston recently, soliciting subscriptions to the fund toward paying the interest on the Kendall Green purchase. He met with fair success, and is to go again. Mr. Hill, of the Seniors, accompanied him as the "specimen brick."

THOSE cherry trees which created such havoc among weak digestive organs last summer have been levelled to the ground. The more's the pity, when we remember that four of them shaded the ball ground, for now the players will have to roast between innings.

MR. E. B. HAY, of the Senior Class of Columbia College, and one of our old opponents on the ball ground, has been appointed the instructor in penmanship and book-keeping. He is a graduate of the Washington Business College, and is therefore well qualified. He gives lessons on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

THAT old arbor, which attained immortality in Ogilvie's photograph of the College building, has "caved," and will have to be transported to the old-lumber pile. The honeysuckle that used to distil its sweetness on the desert air of College-yard had previously been transplanted to fairer, if not more appreciative climes.

BUG-TIME in all its hideousness is here. The beetles, as of yore, take a persistent pleasure in butting their heads against one's nose, and crawling through the ink on the paper while one is writing. The boys, however, get their fun out of them. Some of the students pop them into a narrow-necked bottle as soon as they fall on their backs and commence to kick, and watch them crawl, and squirm, and fight for the top place. Others pick them up and pop them down the back of a neighbor intently engaged on some geometrical problem; while the Primary boys are credited with the unique and ingenious device of tying a thread to their legs and letting them sail about like a kite.

THE Seniors do much affect absent-mindedness 'tis true, and lay it to the all-absorbing nature of their studies; but we think this case is genuine. He, whose name is legion—and his inches ditto—recently resolved to purchase a beaver, and going into Franc's pulled out his tablet and intimated as much to that worthy man by scribbling several pages. The stock was overhauled; our Senior nearly decided and pulled out a bill, then changed his mind, and on leaving the store tore up what he had written, as he fondly imagined, and cast the fragments from him. As they fluttered down, something in their appearance attracted his eye, and he looked more closely. Alas! it was his green-back that he saw borne away on the wings of the wind in small pieces. At latest advices the Senior was trying to get some fractional currency redeemed at the Treasury, at a ruinous discount.

## OUR SUBSCRIBERS' CORNER.

FRANCIS M. STAPLES, of Swanville, Maine, under date of May 4, writes that he, in company with a young man, on the 29th of April took a bushel of nice smelts from Goose pond with the hand alone, and without aid of hook or net, and all in the space of half an hour. The ice had, on the day of writing, just broken up. Oh, dear! the thermometer is at 90° in Washington.

EDMUND W. STONE (Penn., 1845) is now living in Huntsville, Randolph county, Missouri, and wants a specimen copy of THE SILENT WORLD, and thinks of getting up a club. He moved to Missouri from Connellsville, Penn., in 1868. He lost his wife (formerly Miss Thomas, of Frederick county, Md.) and youngest child six months after his removal; has two children left, and owns a farm; says there are a number of deaf-mutes in counties near him. We advise him to look at our premium list.

FREDERICK BEGEMAN writes from Freelandville, Ind., that he graduated from the Institution at Indianapolis last summer. He was born in Germany; when a few months old his father ascertained the fact of his deafness by pounding on a shovel, held close to his ears.





## THE FORTNIGHT.

## HOME.

REPORTS have been current that the Government had consented to withdraw from the Geneva Arbitration Board its claims for indirect damages, but they have been contradicted, and it is asserted that the President and his Cabinet have never, in any way, receded from the position they have assumed.—The huge truss and tower of the Coliseum building in Boston were blown down on the 26th ult. by a heavy wind, making a crash which resounded through the city, but happily nobody was hurt, and the building is to be immediately reconstructed on the plan of the Coliseum of 1869, omitting the arched roof, so that it may be completed by June 10.—Niblo's Garden, in New York, was destroyed by fire on the 6th inst., and the Metropolitan Hotel had a narrow escape from a similar fate. The theatre is to be rebuilt at once, and will be ready for occupancy by September.—President Grant has issued a proclamation ordering the enforcement of the revised regulations of the Civil Service Reform, declaring that "political appointments have been forbidden," and that "honesty and efficiency, not political activity, will determine the tenure of office" hereafter. This is an effective blow at the spoils-system.—Violent shocks of earthquake still continue in Inyo county, Cal.; the earth opened in many places two weeks ago, but no lives were lost.—The Mormons are jubilant, and the Gentiles depressed over the decision of the United States Supreme Court, denying Judge McKean's right to exclude polygamists from juries, by which decision all the proceedings against the Mormon leaders fall to the ground, and Brigham Young and his followers are set at liberty again. Congress will probably find it necessary to take measures to remedy the defect in the laws.—A terrible affair took place in Indian Territory, recently, occasioned by the jealousies between the Cherokee Indians and the whites. A desperado named Proctor, who is said to have been guilty of eight murders, was on trial for killing a woman. He was surrounded by his friends, who were determined not to see him convicted. A posse of United States marshals went to arrest him again in case of acquittal, when they were fired upon, and a fight ensued in and around the court-house, resulting in the killing of seven out of the eleven composing the marshal's force, and five of the assailants, while sixteen or seventeen others were wounded. The marshal has made a demand on the Cherokee nation to assist in taking the murderers, dead or alive. The Cherokee authorities, however, lay the blame of this massacre to the United States' marshal's party.—General Sheridan calls for more troops on the Indian frontier, intimating that a general Indian war is imminent.—The base-ball season has just begun, and there is to be a lively competition among the leading clubs for the championship.—The fourth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac was held at Cleveland, O., on the 7th inst.

## CONGRESS.

THE Senate has passed a bill appropriating \$50,000 to enable American astronomers to make observations of the transit of Venus in 1874.—Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to authorize inquiries into the cause of steamboat explosions.—The bill supplementary to the act incorporating the Texas Pacific Railroad Company was passed, thus insuring the completion of a third route from the Mississippi to the Pacific.—Mr. Sumner brought up his bill to secure to the colored people equal rights in the public schools in the District of Columbia.—The bill to give Goat Island, in San Francisco harbor, to the Central Pacific Railroad Company, was passed by a vote of 101 to 85 in the House.—The resolution demanding the release of Dr. Houard, now a prisoner in the hands of the Spanish authorities, was passed.—The tariff bill seems to be in a fair way of final settlement. After a long struggle between the free-traders and the protectionists, in the Committee of Ways and Means, the free-traders, under the lead of Messrs. Finkelnberg and Buchard, succeeded in having a majority report brought to the House. Mr. Kelley, of Pa., killed this bill by moving to strike out the enacting clause and offering his bill (for the interest of the high-tariff men) as a substitute. Mr. Dawes seized this opportunity to offer his bill as an amendment, and his motion was adopted by the House, much to the surprise of the free-traders and high-tariff men. Mr. Dawes's bill is, in substance, the Senate bill, so far as iron, steel, metals, wools, and woollen, cotton, and rubber goods are concerned, reducing these duties by a uniform deduction of ten per cent. Mr. Dawes has become master of the field in the House. After his failure in committee, his victory is regarded as the greatest parliamentary triumph on record for a number of years.

## POLITICAL.

THE Liberal Republican Convention has met at Cincinnati, and Horace Greeley and Gratz Brown are its nominees for President and Vice-President. There is a diversity of opinion respecting the strength of the ticket. Some regard it as a weak one, and others think it a strong one. It seems to be received favorably in the South.—The Philadelphia Convention meets next, and it is supposed that General Grant will be re-nominated, though some politicians suggest another man.—The Democrats meet in convention at Baltimore, Md., on the 9th of July, to decide whether they will run a man of their own creed or adopt the Cincinnati nominees; or perhaps choose a middle course by nominating some man like Charles Francis Adams.

## FOREIGN.

THE Carlist insurrection has been put down in Spain, and Don Carlos is fleeing. The prisoners who deserted the Spanish army to the Carlist cause are being shot.—The latest cable dispatches inform us that the eruption of Mount Vesuvius has decreased in violence. The scene is represented to have been awfully grand. New craters have formed and streams of lava have been pouring down the mountain-side in different directions. Flames shot up at times to a great height, and masses of rock were ejected, with earthquake shocks distinctly felt in Naples. Lightning darted from the summit, accompanied with thunder. Two villages were destroyed, and seven or eight others abandoned by their inhabitants. The devastation has been terrible; thousands of acres of cultivated land having been overwhelmed by ashes and lava, and vineyards and farms buried out of sight. Ashes and sand fell in Naples to the depth of two or three inches, and the people were obliged to use umbrellas to protect themselves. Twelve persons were killed, and twelve more scorched by the running lava. The inhabitants are removing their furniture from all the villages on the mountain-side, and thousands are encamped in the fields.—Terrible floods have occurred in the southern part of British India. One village has been entirely washed away, in which one thousand persons were drowned, and two thousand five hundred were rendered destitute.

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